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The Hive.

"BE THOU THE FIRST, OUR EFFORTS TO BEFRIEND,——HIS PRAISE IS LOST, WHO STAYS 'TILL ALL COMMEND."

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 14, 1803.

An ORATION in PRAISE of RUM.

HUMANITY and justice conspire, to lead us to take the part of the persecuted and oppressed. Under the influence of these principles, I come forward thisday, to defend a much injured character—Many and formidable have been its enemies. Secret calumnies, and public scandal, private associations, and public testimonies, ridicule and satire, poetry and prose, paragraphs and pamphlets, dreams and dialogues, and even prints themselves, have all been employed to destroy it! The character I allude to is that universal friend to mankind—RUM.

It is no small mortification to me that I am not able to trace the invention of this noble liquor to its author; nor am I able to mention the country in which the *worm* and the *still*, were first discovered. Gratitude must here, therefore, be silent. Some people have, with more ill nature than wit, ascribed the invention of Rum to the devil. These people tell us, that his satanic majesty having invented gun-powder and paper money, was at a loss to know how to introduce them into general use, till he set up a distillery and made RUM, which served as a vehicle for the other two articles, and hence, they say, that they have travelled hand in hand together in all countries. I shall not stop to determine whether this account of the origin of RUM be true or false, but shall leave the enquiry to be settled by that great friend to gun-powder, the late king of Prussia, snd by the advocates for paper money, in the state of Rhode-Island.

The use of RUM is not only very ancient, but universal. It is the *Arrack* of China, the *Gin* of *Holland*, the *Brandy* of France, and the *Whiskey* of Scotland, Ireland, and the United States.

I shall now mention a few of the excellent qualities, and uses, of this universal liquor.

I. RUM is an antidote to care; and every body knows how much of this is the portion of every human creature. No sooner does this cordial thrill through the blood, than poverty looses all its evils, and the dun and the sheriff cease to be terrible. RUM is moreover the opiate of domestic trouble. In vain does a husband abuse his wife, or a wife waste the property of her husband, in a country where RUM is to be had at a moderate price. This invaluable liquor, like the water of Lethe, causes them both to forget injuries of every kind, and while they are under its influence (provided they take enough to put them asleep) they live in harmony with each other.

II. RUM is the fuel of courage: of this the British army exhibited many proofs during the late war; it being a constant practice with the British generals always to give their soldiers a dram, just before they led them on to battle. To this liquor, therefore, are we to ascribe the many gallant exploits, that were performed by the British army in America; such as the burning of Charlestown, New-London, and Norfolk; and, above all, the bravery with which they extirpated old men and women, and even ministers of the gospel, when they were detected in administering support to the late unnatural rebellion.

III. Another excellence peculiar to RUM, is its specific virtues (as we are told) in preventing intermitting fevers. Without it, it has been said, it would have been impossible to have settled or cultivated the southern states. Hence the adage of the planters in South Carolina:—

"*If you wish to inherit your father's lands,*
"*Pray wash your throat before your hands.*"

The throat in this instance is always to be washed with raw RUM. Its great utility, in preserving the planters from the effects of the damp and unwholesome air of the morning, has given it the medical name of the ANTIFOGMATICK. The quantity taken every morning, is in exact proportion to the thickness of the fog, and the dampness of the atmosphere. The degrees of each of these are measured by the report of a negro slave, who has been exposed to them in the morning. But the time we hope is not very distant, when these fogs will be measured with much more accuracy, by an instrument to be called a FOGGROMETER, and which is to be graduated by gills, half-pints, and quarts. A more minute account of this instrument shall be given, as soon as the law for protecting and rewarding discoveries is passed by the U. States.

IV. Again; RUM is a republican liquor. This character I know has been given to beer and cyder; but I deny the propriety of the epithet; these expensive liquors can be afforded only by the rich and luxurious, and of course are never drank in mixed, or truly republican, companies. RUM, like death, is an universal leveller. It brings the nobleman and the porter together in the same cellar, in London; and it leads the merchant, the lawyer, the doctor and the beggar, to meet upon equal terms, in taverns and tippling-houses. While Rum, therefore continues to be the drink of Americans, it will be for ever unnecessary for the congress, to exercise the power which has been given to them, of protecting each state in the enjoyment of its republican form of government.

V. Let me not forget to mention, in this place, the influence of RUM in government. It is this which unites the tongue, the hands, and the feet, of the country politician. It is this which inspires him with eloquence, and furnishes him with all his ideas of the horrors of aristocratical, and kingly power.—It is this noble liquor which pulls down all governments—and which opposes the establishment of new ones, when they run counter to the inclinations of the people. It is true, the federal government was established by means of beer and cyder, without the aid of RUM: but it is equally true, that this government could not be set in motion without it. Witness the reduction of the duty upon rum and molasses, by the congress of the United States. Our wise rulers knew too well its manifold uses, to lessen its consumption, by an extravagant tax.

We have been told by some physicians, that RUM produces a great number of diseases, such as dropsies—palsies—epilepsies—apoplexies—madness, and the like.——I grant this to be the case where RUM is drank, diluted with water, in grog, toddy and punch. But RAW RUM, never produces this terrible group of disorders, especially when it is taken in a sufficient quantity.

No man ever *complained* of palsy—epilepsy—dropsy—apoplexy or madness, who drank his TWO quarts of RUM in a day; or if he did, his complaints were of *very short* continuance. The words of the poet therefore, with a little alteration, apply to my subject, with as much propriety as they do to the treasures of knowledge:—

"*Drink deep, or taste not the distiller's spring,*
"*A little spirit is a dangerous thing:*
"*Shallow draughts produce disease and pain;*
"*But drinking deep dispels them both again.*"

We are told further, that RUM is an improper drink in harvest, and that molasses and water—vinegar and water—milk and water, and small beer, should be given to reapers, instead of it. May the advocates for these colicky liquors, never know the pleasures of drinking any thing else!—For my part I pity them, and hope that the inhabitants of the United States, will always have good sense enough, to prefer the *rosy face* of RUM, to the *pale*, and *squallid looks*, which are imparted to the countenance, by the vapid liquors which have been mentioned.——Hail!—great,—ancient, and universal cordial!—Thou art the liquor of life: thou art the opiate of care—the composer of family troubles!—The fuel of courage!—The antidote of fevers!—The enemy of aristocratic pride—and the life and soul of republican forms of government!——In spite of the ravings and declamations of cynics and madmen, may thy influence be perpetual, in the United States!—Whether a short or long life await our country, may she never want the blessings of RUM! If she is destined for long life, may RUM be the milk of her old age,—but if a premature death awaits her,—may she!—O! may she expire in an ocean of RUM?

FOR THE HIVE.

To MR. "B. Z."

I HAD not the pleasure of perusing the last two numbers of The Hive, till it was too late to give you an answer to your polite request.—You are, however, not quite as successful in your exposition of my definition as the Ancient Philosopher was in Plato's, when he picked the feathers off the cock and pitched him before his pupils and exclaimed, "there goes Plato's man."

I am not going to say that my definition comes within the rules of logical correctness, but were it not to convey the idea which you have annexed to it, I should strike it out, or write another that would give my meaning more explicitly. You say it is too comprehensive, inasmuch as it ranks you with "Peacocks," "Turkeys" and "Ganders."——Now my dear fellow if it did not comprehend those animals it would be incorrect, as it would be too limited—For a *Blood* or *Beau* will always be known by his plumage, his red nose, or his chattering.—These are the respective characteristics of peacocks, turkeys and ganders. But you understand logic—let us apply a little to my definition—.A *Blood* or *Beau* is the genus—a Beau or Blood, a peacock, a turkey, and a gander have no reason.—a *peacock* is known by his feathers, so is a *Beau*, a *turkey* is known by his bill, so is a *Beau*, a *gander* by his chattering, so is a *Beau*, and each of them have two legs. ——Now according to my logic, these are sufficient assimilations to class you all under one genus—But perhaps by your book of logic, the several species that are classed under a genus, must resemble one another in every respect.—A bird is a genus—a turkey-buzzard is a bird, and so is a sparrow,—but it does not follow that both are large black animals with crooked bills that eat carrion.—My dear sir, if you will be so good as to inform me, what system of logic you have studied, I have no doubt but its singularity, as well as the learning it contains, will induce me to give it a perusal. Remember I only judge from the effects it has had upon your brain.

From your friend,
TOM CARELESS.

COMMUNICATED FOR THE HIVE.

THE PRISONER;

A sentimental morsel, founded on a fact; once existing in the jail of Philadelphia.

"* * * Yes, sir, I have tried that expedient likewise: but alas, friendship is a summer plant, that flourishes only in the warmth of profession, and charity has dwindled into mere ostentation, that calls for a conspicuous record of every act.

It is well, however———very well——— for before I leave the world, it will be some consolation to have known how little it is worth. I was told this morning, that the only support that has been administered to my necessities was withdrawn, and that this was the last day I could hope for food, even from the compassion of the jailer. Behold that wretch: it is said that he is sent thither, after a life spent in villainy, for the crime of murder——but you see the benevolent laws of the country have provided him wherewithal to satisfy the calls of nature—nay to make him comfortable in his chains. Would you believe it? "I saw an honest man whom he had once plundered——a prisoner for debt——ask him for a morsel of his allowance, and he refused it with a curse! It is strange—— for why should the state nourish and protect the violaters of its institutions (who are in that respect debtors to the public) and yet give up the necessitous violaters of a private contract——without stipulating some price at which his enraged creditor may gratify his revenge!!!——I am sick at heart, sir, ——my poor Amelia, and her infants hasten this way——they will seek to comfort me——but they encrease my anguish and despair."

Think well, ye creditors! the abuse of power is base: though tolerated *here*, how will it be *hereafter?*

NATURAL PHENOMENA.

WHILE philosophers are endeavoring to describe nature at large, and to explain her known wonders by a general theory, they frequently suffer a phenomena to escape, which would puzzle, humble, and check them in their theoretical reasonings. Of this description are the following circumstances:

On the coast of what was formerly called the Adriatic sea, near Ancona, there have been found some exceeding hard stones, which weighed 20 pounds, and on splitting them they have been discovered to contain a number of small shell-fish alive, and of most exquisite flavour, which they called *soleneæ*.

This fact is attested by many authors, and particularly by Aldovrandus, who speaks of it as a circumstance generally known, and of which he had often been a witness. Of toads and living serpents being found in the centre of different trees, notwithstanding such trees have been perfectly sound and entire, various instances have been communicated to the public.

In the memoirs of the French academy, there is an account of a toad found in the hollow of an oak, which the relator imagines to have existed there for near a century.

Frogs and serpents have also frequently been discovered within various solid bodies. Since these circumstances, so contrary to the ordinary systems and operations of nature, are strongly authenticated by different persons of acknowledged respectability, should we not be diffident of doubting the reality of their existence?

SENSIBILITY.

NOT that affected stuff which screams at the sight of a spider, or faints at the agonies of a dying fly, and yet can spurn a beggar from the door, or *treat an aged parent with neglect!* Delia has too much good sense, too much greatness of soul, to play off such frightful distortion of features, and such pitiful debility of mind, through an equally pitiful affectation. No!—her's is the sensibility of a heart naturally tender and *exquisitely benevolent*. Her soft melting eye bespeaks a soul that is united to all around her, and ready with a sister's feeling to mingle in their joys and sorrows. If she confer a favor, it is with an air of satisfaction that more than doubles its worth. And if obliged to *deny*, it appears to give her such generous distress, that you cannot but love the dear

girl, and feel yourself her debtor. When we have seen her at a *single word* from her mother fly to her harpsichord, and play with as much spirit as some others would exert to please a young lover—or, when we have seen her, beautiful as an angel, kneeling by her gouty father, with all the tenderness of a young bride helping him on with his shoe—or, when we have seen her in high spirits and the finest of chat, all at once turn serious and silent on hearing the breath of slander; we have *felt* that if there be any one grace which more than another makes a young woman look like an angel, it is a sensibility like Delia's. This sweat sympathy with the pleasures and pains of others; this lively expression of joy at seeing her acquaintance; this *amiable benevolence*, *shining*, I had like to have said, *speaking in the countenance*, is more than beautiful; it is *beauty itself*. It can make a homely woman handsome; and a handsome woman an angel. 'Tis beauty in hand and beauty in *reversion*—It insures that *tenderness* in the *future wife*, which kindle's the lover's flame to rapture—It insures the dutifulness in the *daughter*, which causes the parent with weeping joy, to bless his God for such a child—and it ensures that *compassion* in the *Mistress* and in the *Mother* which sweet ns every duty of domestic life, and renders our families the nurseries of all those gentle virtues that adorn and bless mankind.

—⊛—

A FRAGMENT.

I planted it with my own hand, said my little sister holding up a flower that was dead. I covered it from the sun—I watered it night and morning, and after all (wiping her eyes with a corner of her handkerchief,)—*after all it is dead.*

Alas! how many are the occurrences in life, thought I, which resemble Mary's flower. Too easily believing what we wish, we adopt some pretty trifle, and lay it, as it were in our bosom, love it as a daughter. Fancy paints it in gay colors; increasing in beauty, we see its little leaves expand, and trace its progress with anxious solicitude, from the swelling bud to its full blow; and then, oft when we fondly expect to enjoy it, reality tells us—*after all it is dead.*

How often does the only son engross all the cares of his parents, and wind himself round every fibre of their hearts. To cherish the idol, is every wish on the stretch to indulge it, all the rarities of art and nature are produced.—Sleepless nights and anxious days are their lot, and lo! when they hope to see an end to their labors, struck by the hand of disease, or debased by the contaminating hand of vice, the agonizing parents find—*after all it is dead.*

And how sanguine are the expectations of those relatives and friends, who possess a lovely girl, endowed with all the charms of beauty and goodness—how do they exult in her very idea—she is the solace of their calamities, and the staff of dependence for their declining years. Friendship rises in her defence like a wall, and affection nourishes her as the wild dews of spring. Ah! to how little purpose. The canker worm of love preys upon the root of this sweet sensative; and the scorching winds of disappointment drink up its moisture—it fades—the hands of friendship and affection are united to support it in vain; for.

The deep drawn oft repeated sight,
Hath caused health's blushes to decay;
The tear that moistened beauty's eye,
Hath worn its lustre quite away.

It languishes and dies—and regret, bitterly weeping, raves round the lovely fallen and exclaims—*after all it is dead.*

—⊛—

"*All crimes are safe, but hated poverty.*"

A FRAGMENT.

——"Yes, poverty, thou art horrible!—in whatever colours poets may paint thee, thou art most horrible.—Thou art cold as the grave—the winter winds whistle about thee—icicles hang from thy shaggy hair, and the cold snows beat upon thy naked bosom. Thou hast neither a hut to shelter thee—nor fire to warm thee—nor clothes to cover thee—nor food to satisfy thy craving appetite.—Thou hast no friends—the eye of pity is never turned on thee, nor the tear of sympathy excited by thy sufferings.—Thou art an outcast from the world—thou art hated and persecuted by all—thou art despised and detested by the whole human race. What dost thou then in this world? Is there any hope for thee? Art thou not wretched beyond conception—and dost thou still cling to the hillock of earth? Go, hide thyself in the grave.—There thine enemies cannot hurt thee, nor the insolence of prosperity reach thee—there shalt thou rest in peace—the cold clod shall press lightly on thy breast, and thy manifold sufferings be remembered no more—there shalt thou feel neither cold nor hunger—the winter winds shall whistle unheeded, the rude storms shall beat harmles on the sod which covers thee—Yes, thanks to heaven! there is one consolation left me, and this I cherish—it will support me a little longer:—I will go, and for a moment forget that I was miserable.

—⊛—

THOUGHTS ON DEATH.

Stop, heedless rambler, pause awhile——I hear the solemn knell of death!——I feel the dread, the awful sound o'er all my senses strike!—it tells me the sad, the instructive lesson, that "*all must die!*" Consideration *oft enforc'd*—but, yet, as *oft forgot*. How poor—how mutable, all things here!——Look at the grave—the grave that levels all!——there's no distinction—fled is the *dignity* of titled birth——gone the *pre-eminence* that wealth attends—the sprighly sallies of the *wit*, are lost—even *wisdom* ceases!——And ye—ye fair, that shine in beauty's blaze, short is the triumph that your reign attends; look at yon little hill of earth, 'tis there a sister lies!—like you, she *shone*,—like you, was *beauteous!*—but charms no more! the tell-tale eye that spoke the feeling soul, is clos'd in *death!*—silent the *voice* which charm'd the listening ear with melody—and from the cheek forever's fled the rose of health——and every grace, which once adorn'd, that form has lost. A few revolving years, perhaps a space more short, and you, like her, shall moulder with your parent earth.

He, who, with studious eyes, still search'd the page, to enrich his mind with precepts good and wise, ah! what avails his knowledge!—the pride of learning is fled, and the *untutored peasant* mixes his dust with *his* and claims him for a *brother!*—The young—the old—the master and his slave, here find a lowly bed, and sleep in peace.—And I, who now these sad reflections make—these sad reflections may inspire in a mind, to mine congenial.

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THE Leeds Intelligencer asserts the following singular account to be a fact: "A short time since there was a christening at Lowth, at which there were two sponsors, whose ages together amounted to 170 years, and who, after going down a dance together, sung each a jocund song. The godmother was grandmother to ninety-eight children, and could say to her daughter, arise, and go to thy daughter, for thy daughter's daughter has got a daughter. Her son, of the age of seventy-one, who is the child's grandfather, and was also present, offered to bet a wager of one hundred guineas, that he could ride one hundred miles in a day, dance the whole of the night, and walk eighty miles the ensuing day."

To Correspondents.

The "Grinding-Mill" on consideration, is found to be too pointed for insertion.

The "Unknown Person," who favored us with a packet last, week, through the Post-office, is requested to forward the remainder of the story of Don Juan.

Several communications are received, and shall be attended to as soon as possible.

[*PUBLISHED BY PARTICULAR REQUEST.*]

EXAMINATION.

THE Professor of the LATIN and GREEK languages in Franklin College, with the approbation of the Principal, gives notice, that the examination in these will begin the 22d day of this instant, at nine o'clock in the morning—and at three in the evening. The vacation commences the 23d, and ends the 8th of October, Exercises begin precisely on Monday the 10th. JAMES ROSS.

Lancaster, Sept. 14.

POETRY.

FOR THE HIVE.

MR. M'DOWELL,

The following lines are attempted as a versification of a part of the songs of Selma; if you think they possess sufficient merit to deserve publication, by giving them a place in your paper, you will lay an obligation on PHILO.

ARGUMENT.....*Address to the Evening Star. An apostrophe to Fingal and his times. Minona sings before the king, the song of the unfortunate Colma; and the bards exhibit specimens of their poetical talents, according to an annual custom established by the monarchs of the ancient Caledonians.*

THY unshorn head, O beauteous star of night!
Thou liftest from thy cloud and spread'st thy light;
Thou pacest on thy hill with stately mien;
O what dost thou behold here in the plain?
Hush'd are the winds that storm these lonely grounds;
The murm'ring of the distant torrent sounds.
The hum of ev'ning flies their course portends;
The distant wave, its foamy roaring sends.
O what dost thou behold, thou fairest light?
But thou dost smile!—And now deni'st thy sight.
And now around thy light the waves all flee,
And bathe thy lovely hair with joyous glee.
Farewell thou cheerer of the lofty skies,
Now let the light of Ossian's soul arise.

With strength it does arise—yes, to behold
My friends departed and lost days of old.
Fingal with all his heroes are around,
And come as in a mist——see Alpin's* ground,
Grey hair'd Ullin and Ryno;—bards of song,
Who fill'd with rapture all the list'ning throng;
And hear Minona's tuneful accents roll,
Ah! how her soft complaint would move the soul.—
But O! how since the days of Selma's feast
Are chang'd my friends. How have my pleasures ceas'd,
Since there with them we try'd each one his skill,
As spring's soft gales that fly along the hill;
Since we contended there who could surpass,
By turns in bending feebly—whistling grass.
Minona,† lovely maiden, first appears,
Her down-cast eyes were fill'd with bursting tears,
Her loos'ned hair in careles ringlets flew,
Rufflf'd by the' unfrequent blast that blew.—
The plaintive sadness of her tuneful voice,
Forbade the souls of heroes to rejoice.
Ah! often had they seen her Salgar's‡ tomb;
(White-bosom'd Colma's dwelling was that gloom.)
The hapless Colma, on the hill alone,
Singing the plaintive accents of her song.
Salgar had promis'd there to meet the fair,
But night descended—nor did he appear.
Hear the sweet voice of Colma on the hill,
Thus sung the maid, whilst all around was still:—

Old night, dark fallen night now frowns around,
And adds its darkness to this gloomy ground;
Alone and on the hill of storms forlorn,
I wait the sounding of my Salgar's horn.
The mountain echos with the raging gale,
And noisy torrents sweep the rocky vale.
No friendly hut receives me from the rain,
But on this hill of winds alone complain;—
Shine forth, O moon! and aid me with thy light,
Arise ye sparkling globes! ye stars of night!
Shew me the place where rests my love alone,
His stiff'ned bow beside him, and unstrung;
His wearried dogs, their strength and vigour gone.
Here must I stay beside this stream forlorn,
And on this mossy bank, wait his return.
The whistling winds and murm'ring streams I hear,
But not my lover's voice, O Salgar! dear.
Chief of the hill why dost thou delay?
O Salgar! why thy promise dost thou stay?
O my lovely charmer!! O! lend an ear,
The stream, the rock, th' appointed tree are here:
'Twas here with night thou promis'd to arrive,
Ah! whither art thou fled? O! dost thou live?
A father's rage, a brother's pride I'd fly,
Salgar my guard—with him I'd live and die.—
Ye winds! ye streams! O cease a while your rage!
And let my voice the wand'rer's ear engage.

[To be concluded in our next.]

* Alpin is from the same root with Albean, or rather Albin; the ancient name of Britain.

† Ossian introduces Minona, not in the ideal scene in his own mind, which he had described; but at the annual feast of Selma where the bards repeated their works before Fingal.

‡ Salgar—a hunter.

MR. M'DOWELL,

The beautiful simplicity of the following lines, cannot be too much admired. They were selected by a young lady whose correctness of taste can only be equalled by her suavity of disposition. By giving them a place in your paper, you will oblige Z.

To a Lady in England, from her Husband residing in a Foreign Country, with his Picture.

IF true to Nature imitative Art
Could in the faithful features paint the heart,
With genuine force give the warm wish to glow—
The constant sigh to heave—the tear to flow;
And all the mix'd emotions fully blend,
Of lover, husband, guardian, father, friend.
Then should this canvass proudly claim your care,
For truth and tenderness would triumph there.
But since no Art can such sensations trace,
Since even Nature hardly gives the face—
All that the heart can feel—be them my love
Kindly to view and fondly to improve;
And as you first the Original inspir'd,
With real passion and with rapture fir'd,
So let the Copy meet your fav'ring eyes,
And Sympathy supply what Art denies.

THE FAIR EQUIVOQUE—AN EPIGRAM.

AS blooming Harriet moved along,
The fairest of the beauteous throng,
The beaux gaz'd on with admiration,
Avow'd by many an exclamation,
What form! What NAIVETTE! What grace!
What roses deck that Grecian face!
"Nay," Dashwood cries, "that bloom's not Harriet's,
"'Twas bought at Heinitsh's, Moore's or Marriott's,
"And though you vow her face untainted,
"I swear by G——d, your beauty's painted."
A wager instantly was laid,
And Ranger sought the lovely maid;
The pending bet he soon reveal'd,
Nor e'en the impious oath conceal'd.
Confus'd, her cheek bore witness true,
By turns the roses came and flew,
"Your bet," said she, "is rudely odd—
"But I am painted, sir——BY GOD."

HUMOR.

TWO waggoners travelling different ways happened to meet at a place where the passage was so narrow as to render it difficult passing each other; a dispute consequently arose who should go out of the road to let the other go by. One of them roared out. "If you don't turn out immediately, I'll serve you as I did the other fellow just now." This address had the desired effect; the other expecting to have some disagreeable trick served upon him, should he disobey, immediately turned his team to the one side of the road; but as his opponent passed him, he desired to know how he had served the other man.—"Why, (said he) the stubborn rascal swore he would turn out for me, and so I turned out for him!"

A clergyman conversing, the other day, at the tea-table, on the subject of taxes, expressed his opinion that ruffles were a proper object of taxation. "You might as well propose a duty on horns" said his wife. "Why so my dear," replied the Doctor, "because my love," answered she, with a gentle pat on the cheek, "you wear neither one nor the other."

A gentleman in distress, lately wrote the following letter to a friend:——"I am now reduced to a *single* penny—a *single* shirt—a *single* coat—a *single* glass of table-beer—a *single* sheet to my bed—a *single* rap at my door even of an old acquaintance; and I have only one consolation that I am a *single* man, and that I have a *single* friend in you."—In these days, says our correspondent, this is not a *singular* case.

TERMS OF THE HIVE.

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